### Religious Miscellany.

"WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD."

This hymn was sung as a part of the religious services in the parlor of the Mountain House at Lake Minnowaska, N. Y., on Sunday, August 26th, 1883.

God of the mountains and the vales, The placet lakes, the rolling seas, The summer zephyrs, winter gales, The lowly flowers and lofty trees Creator, Savior, heavenly Friend. To thee in praise, our hearts ascend.

We praise thee that, at thy command, The universe in beauty rose; That, held by thy almighty hand, The vast creation finds repose; With kindly care sustained by thee.

We praise thee for redeeming love That made the sinless Son of God An exile from the world above, To ransom rebels with his blood; That sinful souls may freely claim A full salvation in his name,

We praise thee for the blessed word Which brought the Holy Spirit near-The pledge of our ascended Lord, Each contrite heart to raise and cheer. Triune Jehovah, we affore Thy power and grace foreverme

-Francis Dellaes Janvier.

### The Elder Brother.

The Elder Brother forms the dark background of one of the brightest, lovliest, and most charming pictures in the gospel history. Mark his scowling features as he stands there amid the black shadows of hate, envy. jealousy, cold and frigid as an iceberg. "He was angry, and would not go in." He does not say. "My brother," but, "This, thy son-this fellow." The voluntuous strains of mosic, the radiant cheerfulness, the general gladness, and the festive joy with which they celebrate the return of the long lost son, together with the earnest entreaties of the father avail not to stir the pathos of his soul. His heart throbs with no pulse of joy; he remains without, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm." This elder brother is not merely an analogue of the Scribes and Pharisees, to whom the parable was first addressed, but he is also a type-the idealized representative of a This episode holds up the mirror to that self-righteous and dogmatic surliness which cries down all churches and creeds except its own; which deems its own kith and kin the very cream and some of society. Like the "Wandering Jew," the elder brother never dies. "Men may come and men may go," but this typical character "goes on forever." him it will never be written that " be has gone glimmering down the stream of things that were." He burns beneath tropical suns and shivers amid Arctic snows, but still survives. and will be here when the trump of God shall sound. "Who is this elder brother?" was once asked in an assembly of miristers at Elherleldt, when the venerable Daniel Krummacher sprang to his feet and made answer, "I know him very well; I met him yesterday." "Who is he?" eagerly asked the brethren. "Myself." was the prompt and emphatic reply. He went on to explain that on the previous day, hearing that an ill-conditioned person had received a gracious visitation of God's goodness, he felt not a little envy and irritation. Where is the man who dares to say that he never played the role of the elder brother? Does not elder-brotherism crop out everywhere, in church and state, in families and communities? The financial success and prosperity of A kindles the fires of envy and hate in the bosom of neighbor B. Ahab covets Naboth's vineyard. Jonah is moody, fretful, paevish and petulant, because the heathen city is not overthrown; weighed in the angry prophet's balances against the grateful shade of his precious "gourd," how quick the souls of the teeming thousands of Nineveh kick the beam; let the lightnings of retributive wrath consume the wicked city, but spare my "gourd." Envy is the vilest of passions. It loves a shining mark. It seeks to dim and becloud the It loves a shining lustre it cannot out-shine. It is a "pure soul-sin." Its bases is not physical, but psychical. It has its throne in man's spiritual nature: and yet, considered in reference to its effects, it is "rottenness in the bones." It is a fire that burns in the soul. It has in it more pure and unmixed demonism than any other passion. It is not confined to any special class. It not unfrequently preys upon the mind of the great philosopher, who ascertains the distances, calculates the periods, and unbraids the light of the stars. On two occasions elder-brotherism got the mastery of the lofty soul of the gentle, loving John. "We saw one casting out devils, and we forbade him." On another occasion he wanted to call fire down from heaven and consume a certain inhospitable Samaritan village. "You know not what spirit ye are of," said Jesus. We all have need to pray that the blessed fires of love might come down from heaven to burn up our egotism and enrich our characters with the true Christian gold. Envy is not only a vile passion, but is also painful. It is armed with a double barb that

stings itself while it wounds others. Envy at each other's good is evermore malignant poison sitting on the soul; A double woe to him infected with it. Of inward pain the heavy load he her At sight of joy without he ever mour

The jealousy that begrudges your neighbor his gladness, fills your own soul with more than Egyptian darkness, and effectually shuts out every ray of the Sun of Righteousness. The Ancient Mariner, whose soul had been alone on a wide, wide sea," teaches the wedding guest a

lesson we would all do well to learn : Farewell, farewell; but this I tell To thee, thou wedding guest: He prayeth well who loveth well Both man, and bird, and beast. He prayeth best who loveth best All things both great and small For the dear God who loveth us He made and loveth all.

-Rev. T. F. Glenn, in Christian at Work.

## "Popular" Preaching.

The Christian Commonwealth of London makes the following remarks in consideration of the point whether the sermons which are the most popular are the most useful: "And this leads us to the consideration of the point whether the sermons which are most popular are most useful. We believe that, as a rule, this is decidedly not the case. As things go nowa-days, popularity is not a great recommendation to either a preacher or a ser-mon. There are, unfortunately, many ambitious and self-seeking men in the pulpit who make it their first and last aim secure popularity. No artifice is too mean, no stratagem too crafty, no methods too unworthy, if by resorting to them they may become famous. They will distort the truth, present it in false colors, or suppress is altogether, if by so doing they can tickle the ears, and win the plaudits of those who listen to them. Very often they attain their end; they become popular; they have their reward. But no Scripturally instructed person merits which would, as a rule, point to the popular too highly."

preacher as a model of what the Christian minister should be. Exceptions there are; but they are exceptions; and they are very rare ones, too. The true preacher is often most unpopular, and he is unpopular because he is true. This was the case with Jeremiah and Paul, and it has been the case with faithful men in all ages since their time. The false teachers who set themselves up as rivals of the Apostle Paul were more popular than he, and it was one of the greatest troubles of his life that they were so. But who would say that because they were more popular they were more suc cessful, and more worthy of honor? And yet this is precisely what is affirmed in our day. The modern church worships the fetich of success-not genuine, but spurious success. And success is measured by popularity, by the extent of a man's following, and by the numbers of people who throng his chapel or church. All this is radically un Christian. Anything more opposed to the teachings of Christ, and to the spirit and methods of the apostles, it would be impossible to conceive. For this state of things hearers are mainly to blame. Now, as of old, men and women calling themselves Christians turn away from the God-sent apostle and his message, to follow false teachers who have smooth tongues and elastic consciences. We are witnessing the fulfillment of the apostolic prediction. The people, having itching ears, are turning away from the truth and those who teach it, and are heaping to themselves false teachers, who better minister to their perverted tastes. No doubt the latter are most popular with people who do not relish the unadulterated truth of the gospel, plainly and faithfully expounded; but people who understand the matter will never confound the popularity of these men with true success. We contend that the sermons of to-day are neither inferior to, nor less popular than, those of former times, if we have regard to the judgment and testimony of renewed men and women. And as for the opinion of those who are unregenerate and carnal, they are utterly out of court in relation to a question like this."

### How to Meet Temptation.

We mistake the matter, if we think our Savior did not feel the force of Satan's various temptations. Had he not done so. he would not have been tempted in all points like as we are. We do not understand the union between the divine and human natures of Christ. We must first take what we find upon the subject, and limit our curiosity by the amount of that which is writter, and this much is certain, that he suffered being tempted. He had all the pain of a struggle to undergo; and it was by obedience in the face of difficulty, a high and sustained exercise of principle in the face of allurements, by the force of dutiful sentiment rising superior to all that the tempter and the world could muster to oppose it, that he repelled each temptation of the adversary. Did he enter into a deliberate process of calculation, or hesitate for a moment between the call of duty to God and an act of homage to God's presumptuous ri-val, on the rendering of which all the glory which dazzled round him was offered to gratify and reward him! No; he does not appear to have ventured himself with the alluring representation for a moment, but with all the jealousy of quick alarm does he by one summary act dismiss the whole of the flattering temptation from him, "Get you hence, Satan; I cannot entertain your proposal for a single mo-ment;" and with a quotation from Scripture, the very measure with which he repelled every former assault, does he tell him that he must worship the Lord his God, and him only must be serve. If he would not trifle or delay, or make any parrying with temptation, how much more incumbent is it upon us to be prompt and decisive in our measures with it! If even the mighty captain of our salvation would not trust himself with the indulgence of that superb spectacle that was so much fitted to regale the imagination, how much more ought we to dismiss from our thoughts the countless varieties that are ever obtruding themselves, and offering to take possession of the inner man? Keep no measures with temptation. Your safety lies in shutting it out and dismissing it from your thoughts. When any gay or flattering imagination gets hold of you-be it wealth, to seduce you from your integrity, or to withdraw you from your present humble but safe employments to some track of ruinous ambition or, be it pleasure, to steal your hearts to some object of idolatrous affection; or be it fashion, to tempt you to some act of unlawful conformity to a world lying in wickedness-think of your calling, you are the servant of the Lord; and be ever ready to dismiss the evil suggestion with answer, "I must worship the Lord my God, and him only must I serve."-Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D.

### The Defect of the New Version.

In the October Century, Professor George P. Fisher of Yale writes forcibly of "Martin Luther, after Four Hundred Years,' and compares the new version with Lu-ther's translation of the Bible, to the detriment of the new, as follows: "He was determined to issue not a colorless version, or a version enervated by idiomatic peculiarities of the Hebrew and the Greek, or a pedantic version, intelligible and interesting only to the cultivated, but rather a translation which should make the Bible appear to have been written in German. He gives amusing accounts of the struggles it cost him to make the sacred writers 'speak German.' In dealing with Job, especially, his patience was well-nigh exhausted. No one could under-stand what it had cost him to make Job 'reden Deutsch.' But he succeeded. In his version, the apostles and prophets 'reden Deutsch,'—the Deutsch of the shop, of the market, and the hearthstone. Luther's Bible is a living book. If the recent English revision of the authorized version, admirable in various particulars, fails at any point, it is just here. There is a lack of freedom in the incorporation of English idioms; in a word, there is an undue servility. So far as a translation fails to give the force and beauty of the original, it is incorrect. Close adhesion to grammar and lexicon, in many instances, may be the cause of greater loss than gain. We must have the spirit as well as the letter of the text. If we can not have both, then better the spirit than the letter. Our recent revisers make the frightened disciples who saw Jesus walking on the sea cry out, 'It is an appari-tion' (Matthew xiv: 26). Would such a company of fishermen, in a state of alarm, use this word? If not, some other should have been substituted for it. The juicy language of Luther's version, its sinewy vigor, its racy idioms, and the rhythmical charm which it has in common with the authorized English version, are literary

merits which it is impossible to estimate

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unmistakably prove.

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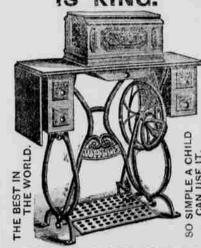
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[Continued.]

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For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.

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HOME-BREWED BEER.

The barvest of rich and golden sheaves Had been safely gathered in From the well-tilled fields of Farmer Brown, And the feast and mirth begin. There was good roast beef, there were puddings rich

But the glasses were filled from the crystal spring.

Instead of with home-brewed be And visitors wondered to see the change. For William Brown's farm-house Had long and far been famed for the skill Of his elever, thrifty sponse.

And specially was it whispered round,

In homesteads far and pear, In her tap of home-brewed beer, "I'll tell you, my friends," the father said.

As he met inquiring eyes,

Why water instead of home brewed-beer To day each glass supplies. My first-born son, dear to my heart-

Words cannot tell how dear-To-day a homeless wanderer roams Because of our home-brewed beer " He learned to love it whilst a boy,

And the teste grew with his years; I saw his danger when too late, I sought with bitter tears To win my boy, my first-born, back From the power of the deadly snare;

But all in vain—he cared for naught But to quaff the accursed beer. " One day when drink had made him mad, And passion had made me wild, I struck him, and he returned the blow, And I savagely fought my child. I cast him forth from his childhood's home, I banished him—though 'twas here

He had learned to love the dangerous trate Of his mother's home-brewed beer " But oh! since then my stricken heart To see my folly, and, though so late, To choose a course more wise. No child of mine sgain shall learn

From father or mother here, Nor servant be taught by me to love. The taste of home-brewed beer." - Youth's Temperance Banner.

### Mrs. Thurston's Drawing-Room Meeting.\*

Mrs. Frank Thuston, nee Hopkins, had just returned from a reception given by one of her particular friends. It was her first winter as Mrs. Thurston, and she felt that in some measure her future social life was to shape itself from this bridal winter. She was descended lineally from the Hopkins whose name has shed lustre on the annals of New England. Two or three missionaries were also counted somewhere on her family tree. One relative had been a devoted and self-sacrificing nurse in the hospitals during the war. An aunt had been a teacher in the schools for freedmen, established just after the war. The name of some relative of hers had always figured on the list of active, benevolent workers in the church, to which the family, root and branch, had always belonged in Boston. Consequently she was by all the tradi-tions of an old established family foreordained to some sort of Christian activity. It was, therefore, not to be wondered at that she should feel dissatisfied with the round of fashionable gayeties which had hitherto taken up her time strength. Her husband, a hardworking young lawyer, just establishing himself, and, therefore, bound to be up early, had betaken himself to bed as soon as they reached home; but Marcia, her hair brush in hand, sat and pondered.

"Frank took wine to-night with Judge Bain and Mr. Jameson. I did not know be ever did that. Oh, dear! I cannot endure it. I have such a fear, such a dread of even a single glass."

Poor Marcia buried her face, and was thoroughly miserable. She dared not remonstrate with this touchy young hus-band of hers. She did not mean, however, to sit supinely by and see the wine

drinking continue.
"I will have some drawing-room meetings," she said at last. "I hate the aimless balls and parties and receptions of modern life. There seems to be no sort of raison d'etre to them, unless it be sufficient motive to show off your last superb toilet. But somehow, I cannot bear to see the person so subordinate to her wardrobe. I like to think that the individual is the principal thing. Modern social life seems to crowd people themselves into a very insignificant place, and give the greatest prominence to clothes, and to eating and drinking. How in-tensely vulgar that is. Yes," she continued, "I will have some drawing-room temperance meetings, as my part of the social programme."

And that was the way these beneficent affairs came to be instituted in Mrs. Frank Thurston's circle. Although young, and a comparative stranger in the city where she had so lately come as a bride, yet her wealth, family connections, and her husband's standing at the bar, gave the prestige that insured success.

She had hoped to secure some notable from abroad, to give tone to the affair, but was unable to find any one. This threw her upon her own resources. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of that city comprised, as is the case everywhere, some ladies of the highest social standing, as well as of brains and culture. Several of these were asked to furnish a series of papers. She then planned a series of meetings; the coming of Lent furnished her with just the op-portunity she needed. Although attached to a church which did not observe Lent, she found all her acquaintances conforming more or less, at least outwardly, to that custom which requires a cessation of gayeties, and ushers society-going people into a season of quiet. Drawing-room temperance meetings were eminently proper for Lent, even for those who did not believe in the temperance movement. But she did not announce her meetings as temperance affairs at all. She caught her victim by guile. A very elegant invitation summoned the elite to a conversazione. Not a word was said about temperance, and everybody came. It was understood to be an informal and quiet affair, to which the observers of Lent might come, because of the hours named, from seven to eleven.

For the early part of the evening, while her guests were assembling, Mrs. Thurston had provided some rare music; not that she committed the blunder of getting any one to sing during this period of unrest. A young friend, just perfecting herself on the violin, and desirous of overcoming the timidity of youth, was glad to entertain the company with her old red fiddle, which she did charmingly. The hour from seven to eight, therefore, was a marked success; Mrs. Thurston then rose and addressed the company in a quaint, taking way, peculiarly her own, and peculiarly bewitching.

"My friends," she said, "one thing I omitted in my invitations; I will supply the omission now. There are to be no tete-a-tetes, for this reason; engaged young ladies and,"—with a meaning smile, "those hoping to be, have not been \*An original story read at the city convention of the

invited. I have been desirous of having a certain theme thoroughly discussed among ourselves, as it has a most important social bearing. I have asked you, as those competent to discuss it, to meet me informally, this evening. I now have the pleasure of infroducing to you Mrs. Benedict Black, our friend, who will open the

discussion with a short paper." Mrs. Thurston had chosen wisely. Mrs. Black was of the highest social scale, a lady whose acquaintance was considered an honor by every guest present. Providertially, she was an uncompromising be-liever in the temperance work, and furthermore possessed the requisites for presenting the subject in hand, forcibly and well. When she announced her subject, "The Wine Question," Frank Thurston looked at his wife with something very like horror depicted on his countenance. But Marcia, very properly, sat with her eyes fixed upon the reader. "The Wina Question" was further

subdivided into the chemical constitution of wine, with its physical effects, the effect of heredity, the social aspects of the wine question; ending finally with the Is wine a dangerous factor in query, "Is wine our social life?"

As this paper was designed to bring out a discussion, it was tentative merely. At its close there was a breeze, Mrs. Thurston had taken care to have enough uncompromising believers in total abstinence among her guests, to give that side of the discussion a fair showing. Moreover, being believers in this social reform, they were well up in the subject, while the others being merely defendants of what was not, and could not be made a question of right as against wrong, held a very weak position. The battle was a very lively one, when the question of the physical effects of wine came up. The defendants refused to admit all the injurious effects asserted by the temperance side. Whereupon, a venerable and widely known physician who had been, we verily believe, provided for the occa-sion, arcse and confirmed the statements of Mrs. Black and her side with distinctness, as demonstrated in the dissecting room. On the question of heredity, he was emphatic, illustrating his arguments by the following story, taken from his own practice of forty years.

"I long ago made up my mind that I did not know, and could not find out, when I might administer alcoholic stimulants to advantage. This conclusion was reached by a case in my practice, as fol-

"A gentleman whom I attended was dying of consumption. I prescribed old Bourbon whiskey as the only means of prolonging his life. His wife opposed me saying she would rather her husband would die without whiskey than to live to be a drunkard. In deference to her wishes, the whiskey was not used. At the last a bottle of wine was brought into the house, and a little of it adminis. tered in the dying hour. The wife, in her grief and bereavement, and the nervous prostration consequent, used the re-mainder of the wine. Ladies and gentlemen," said the old physician, solemnly, in six months I saw the woman die of delirum tremens. Heredity was at the bottom of it, and since then, I have never known when I might safely prescribe alcohol, for back of us, everyone, lie at least ten generations of hard drinkers."

Mrs. Thurston's drawing room meeting was a complete success. At its close Judge Bain arose and asked if this discussion might not be continued on a fu-ture occasion. Whereupon Mrs. Black gave a cordial invitation to all present to meet in her parlors two weeks from that time, "when," she added. "we shall take up the cudgels to each other again."

"With a difference, Mrs. Black and," turning to his hostess. "Mrs. Thurston," said Mr. Jameson, the most influential young man in his set, "for on that occasion I shall be with the total abstainers "Collation?" you ask. Yes, certainly. At the conclusion of Mrs. Black's paper

tables to the guests as they sat, thus, with inspiring tea, ushering in the discussion.
"What did Frank Thurston say to his wife when their guests had departed ?" I believe I would rather not tell !-

a charming refection was served on small

# Hew Advertisements.

Union Signal.

EXPRESSMEN LIABLE. Mr. A. S. MERRILL, the popular expressman of Brunswick, Maine, writes us on May 15th, 1883, as follows: "Having been severely afflicted for about two years with inflammation of the kidneys and bladder, so called by my physicians, I suffered with distressing pains in my back and retention of urine, caused by a stoppage of the neck of the bladder, and a complication of other diseases. I was hardly able to attend to my business, and at times would be completely prostrated. I was also affected with incontinence of urine to an alarm-ing degree; indeed, it demanded my attention fifteen or twenty times per night, and at times it would seem impossible for me to ride down to the denot on my wagon, for every jar from the wagon would almost seem to take my life. Having failed to obtain relief from my doctor. I finally consulted our druggist. Dr. Merry-man of Brunswick, and requested him to fur-nish me with the most reliable and speedy cure for such sickness, for I was suffering too much for human nature to endors long. The descripfor human nature to endore long. The doctor recommended me to use Hunt's Remedy, as it had been used with remarkable success in a had been used with remarkable success in a good many cases in Brunswick and vicinity. I purchased a bottle, and received such great relief that I continued and had not used two bottles before I began to improve beyond my expectations. The pains in my kidneys and loins disappeared, I gained strength, and my water began to pass naturally, and I was able to sleep soundly, and obtain the greatly-needed rest which for a long time I could not. I am fully restored to health, and can attend to my business. Thanks to Hunt's Remedy for my restoration, and I highly recommend it to all who are troubled with kidney complaints."

### COULD NOT LIFT A POUND.

The above are the words of Mrs. Harriet Bal-The above are the words of Mrs. Harriet Balley of Putnam, Conn. She writes May 3, 1883. "I have been troubled with kidney and liver disease for two years. I suffered severely in the back and loins. Before taking your wonderful medicine, Hunt's Remedy, I could not lift a pound. After giving it a fair trial I began to improve, and can now truly say it was a "Godsend to me," as I am now able to do my household work and enjoy the best of health. I have recommended Hunt's Remedy to two of my neighbors, who have been greatly benefited by it. This letter I send voluntarily, with the hope that it will be the means of inducing some sufferer to use Hunt's Remedy, and be cured as I have been."

## Ropp's Calculator and Diary

Makes Practical Arithmetic easy for all. Simpli-Makes Practical Arithmetic case for all. Simplifies the art of computation, and enables every Farmer and Tradesman to make correct and instantaneous calculations in all their business transactions. Is worth its weight in gold to every one quick in figures. It is neatly printed, elegantly bound, accompanied by a Ranswarle Diary, Silicars Slate, Perfect at Calendar and Valuable Pocket Book, Morocco, \$1. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Agents wanted, Sells rapidly, Address

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\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free Address Svisson & Co., Portland, Ma